

THE POEM MAKING ITS COMEBACK
OVER THE NOVEL
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS

This poem won't hurt you.
It doesn't bite, have rabies,
piss on the carpet
or shit behind the couch.

This poem won't run you over
or flip you the finger
for pulling out too slow.

This poem certainly
won't pull up behind you
with flashing red lights
and give you a ticket for speeding
or having one too many.

It won't tell you
to get back to work,
cut short your coffee break
or lay you off
because of a bad economy.

But
this poem just might
want to get drunk with you.

It might tell you
a few of its problems.

This poem might have too many
and want to fight you outside
but don't pay it any attention.
It'll sober up.

A poem like this
might even hit on you.
It'll try to be tactful
but after that many beers,
who can say?

You might even like this poem,
want to take it home.
Being drunk yourself,
you might even fuck this poem
half naked on the couch.

And even if you consider it a mistake,
it still took less time to read
than a Sidney Sheldon or Tom Clancy
best-seller.

PENCIL DICK PAT
AND THE EXERCISE FOR ENDOWMENT

Pat has been thinking
about losing weight.
He sits home and eats
and thinks
about losing weight.

Tuesday
he had to visit
his accountant
to take care
of some personal business.

During small talk
Pat mentions
he'd like to lose
some weight.

The accountant replies
off the cuff
that he just read
where excess weight
decreases penis size.

At home that night
Pat starts a diet
and exercise regimen

beginning
with 11 situps
and a bowl of low fat
frozen yogurt.

—David Newman
Pittsburgh, PA